

ORIGINAL STORY: *Fummy*

ART: *Yuna Kagesaki*

CHAPTER



THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

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Chapter 4

WHAT
DO YOU
SAY I
TEACH
YOU...

... THE
CURE
FOR
WHAT
AILS
YOU?





...AND
YOU'LL
BE GIVEN
THE MAGIC
TO CURE
YOURSELF.

FEED IT
ENOUGH
PEOPLE
...



THE
NEXT
DAY



WHOA,
SILEN.

YOU
LOOK
OKAY
AGAIN.

YOU'LL
BE ABLE
TO GET
WHATEVER
YOU WANT.

BE-
CAUSE

...

...YOU
ARE A
WITCH.





IT SUR-
PRISED
ME, IS
ALL.

BUT I
GUESS
IT WAS
JUST MY
IMAGINA-
TION.

BUT
Y'SEE, IT
LOOKED
LIKE YOU
TURNED
INTO A
MONSTER,
ELLEN.



HOW
I RAN
AWAY
LIKE THAT.

SORRY 'BOUT
YESTER-
DAY.



MONSTER



I'M A
DUMMY,
HUH.

KNEW
THAT
WAS
TOO
WILD TO
BE REAL.

THAT
SO,
HUH?



I JUST
TRIPPED
AND GOT
COVERED
IN MUD.

HOW
SILLY.



HEE
HEE.

AH
HA
HA
HA.



WHO
RAN
AWAY
FROM
SOME-
THING
LIKE
THAT?





**STOP
JOKING
AROUND!**



YES.

YOU WANT
FOOD?

CAN
I EAT
HIM?

GO
HARD.







I
REAL-
IZED
TAKIN

THAT I
COULD
NEVER
RUN
AWAY
FROM
THIS
THING

110年
110年
110年

110年
110年
110年



THERE
WAS NO
GOING
BACK. NO
WAY TO,
EVEN.

AND ABOUT
THE BIRTH
OF ITS NEW
WITCH.

ABOUT
RECEIVING
FRESH
BLOOD.

I COULDN'T
TELL HOW
DELIGHTED
THE HOUSE
WAS ABOUT
EVERYTHING.

...BUT
ALSO
THAT I
HAD NO
INTEN-
TION
OF
RUN-
NING.





**WELCOME,
ELLEN.**

**MY
WITCH.**

BUT
IT STILL
HASN'T
ENOUGH.

I FED
THEM ALL
TO THE
HOUSE.

I
KILLED
THEM
ALL.

PLENTY MORE
FRIENDS CAME
TO PLAY AT THE
HOUSE FROM
THEN ON.



MOST
CHILDREN
IN THAT
DAY AND
AGE WERE
ALWAYS
HUNGRY.

THEY WERE
FALGHO...

...INNOCENT.



AND MY OWN
SMILING SMILE
THAT FOOLED
THEM INTO
ENTERING.



IT HAS
THE SWEET
SCENT OF
TREATS...

EVEN THOUGH
THERE WAS
NO WAY THEY
WOULD EVER
BE SO LUCKY.

THEY
WANTED TO
BELIEVE IN
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.

...WITH
GOOD
FORTUNE.

ALWAYS
HOPING
TO BE
BLESSED...

ALL EAGER
TO SEE
THEIR
DREAMS
COME
TRUE.





I FELT
NO SUCH
THINGS.



PERHAPS

...NOT



BECAUSE
THIS PLACE...

...WAS THE
WITCH'S
HOUSE.

BUILT
SO THAT
DEMONS
COULD
DEVOUR
HUMANS.



BECAUSE
I WANTED
A BODY
THAT
COULD
BE
LOVED.

BECAUSE
I WANTED
TO CURE
MY DIS-
EASE.





I DO.

ALWAYS
SO NOISY.

DO
YOU
DISLIKE
THAT
ONE?



UNTIL
NEXT
TIME.



TSK.

YOU
REALLY
DON'T
HAVE
TO
GO
MAKING
HER
MAD
ON
PURPOSE,
YOU
KNOW.

HEY.

YOU
FINE
WITH
HER
LIKE
THAT?



SURE,
SURE.
ALWAYS
A
PLEA-
SURE.



DEMONS
THAT
DON'T
HAVE
BODIES
TO
THEIR
OWN
FORMS
AS
ANIMAL
CORPSES
TO
GET
AROUND
APPEARANCE.

THE
BLACK
CAT
DOESN'T
HAVE
A
NAME.



THAT'S
WHAT
I
CALL
IT.

THE
CROW
DEMON.



YOU LISTENING?



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANYONE BUT YOU, ELLEN.



MOPE.

SO YOU DON'T KNOW?



HMM.

DOES THAT CROW HAVE A WITCH TOO?



I WONDER, MAYBE THE CROW DOES HAVE A WITCH OF ITS OWN.



THE TIES THAT BIND THEM.

WITCHES. DEMONS.



.....



IF SO, MAYBE THERE ARE OTHER WITCHES OUT THERE, LIVING THE WAY I DO.



THE
BLACK
CAT'S
MAGIC!



MAYBE
IT'S
HIDING
SOMETHING?

WHO
KNOWS?

MAGIC TO
CONTROL
THEIR
BODIES.

MAGIC
TO CONFUSE
PEOPLE WITH
ILLUSIONS.

...IT'S ALL SO
WARPED...

MAGIC TO
PEER INTO
THEIR HEARTS.



SURE AS
THE TYPE
TO BELIEVE IN
OTHERS.



IT
MAKES
THEM
TASTE
BETTER.

PLUS
WHAT?

OH
YEAH?



YUP.

SO DO
YOUR
BEST
NOW.



HOW
TO PUT
THIS...

I
JUST
LIKE
THAT
SORT
OF
THING,
IS
ALL.

SO
WHAT'S
THE
POINT
OF
MAGIC
LIKE
THIS?

YOU
ONLY
GOTTA
BREAK
THEIR
BODIES
TO EAT
THEIR
SOULS,
RIGHT?

PLUS
...

SO HOW
MUCH
MORE OF
THIS?

NOT
NEARLY
ENOUGH
YET.

I
WOULD
RENDER
THE
HOUSE
AT
WILL,
COM-
PLETE-
LY
LIVING
ROSES.

BUT I
HAD NO
REASON
TO AC-
TUALLY
DO SO.

I FELT AS
THOUGH...

...EVERY
HUMAN THAT
DIED CAUSED
MORE ROSES
TO BLOOM IN
THE GARDEN.

MAYBE THOSE
RED FLOWERS
LITERALLY
SPRUNG FROM
THE FRESH
BLOOD.

IT
JUST
WAS
NOT
ENOUGH
ENOUGH.

I NO
LONGER
LIVED
PEOPLE
TO THE
HOUSE
UNDER
THE
GLASS
OF
FRIEND-
SHIP.



ONE DAY,
I BECAME
INTO THE
MEMORIES
OF ANOTHER
KID.



THIS
ADULT

HAD ONCE
SEEN A BOY
THAT I LET
BECOME AN
ADULT



ENOUGH
TIME
PASSED...

THAT A
BOY GREW
INTO A MAN?

AND THE
FLOWERS
IN THE
GARDEN
WOULD
WILT AND
FALL.

THE
FOREST
SCEN-
ERY
WOULD
CHANGE
WITH
THE
SEA-
SONS.

YET,
MY
BODY
RE-
MAINED
THAT
OF MY
SEVEN-
YEAR-
OLD
SELF.

THE
DAYS
AND
NIGHTS
ROLL-
ED BY.

SLOWLY BUT
SURELY, TIME
FLOWED ON.



MAYBE
I'LL
START A
DIARY?

SO THIS
IS WHAT
IT MEANS
TO LIVE
FOREVER.



OH.



LOVERS
MEETING
IN SECRET.



CHILDREN
HOPING TO
PLAY.



ALL
SORTS OF
PEOPLE
CAME
INTO THE
FOREST.



I DON'T
EVEN NEED
TO WRITE
IT.



ADULTS
HUNTING
AND
GATHERING.





MEN
INVESTIGATING
THE FOREST
ITSELF.



PARENTS
SEARCHING FOR
THEIR LOST
CHILDREN.

AND
...



YOU



AIN...

GAP



NO...

PER-
HAPS
I WAS
GET-
TING A
REP-
U-
TA-
TION.



SOME
CALLED
ME
WITCH.



YOU
DAMNED
WITCH.





OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER

OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER

OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AND OVER

BUT
I WAS
ALWAYS
THE
ONE



I DID IT
THAT WAY...

BECAUSE
THAT
PLEASED
THE
DEMONS.



...NOT YES, I
BECAUSE I KILLED
ENJOYED THEM IN
IT. CRUEL
AND
HORRIFIC
WAYS,
BUT...



I SHOULD
MENTION
THAT I DIDN'T
DELIGHT
IN KILLING
PEOPLE.



SO IT'S
STRAW-
BERRY
SHORTCAKE
TODAY,
HMM?

THE
MEDICINE
FROM THE
DEMONS
WAS MIXED
INTO MY
TEA AND
SWEETS.



IT'S
NOT LIKE
I ENJOY
KILLING
PEOPLE.

IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE MADE
A HOBBY OF
CHOPPING
PEOPLE
UP.



WHICH
IS
WHY I
KILLED
THEM
THAT
WAY.



APPARENTLY,
SOULS ARE
TASTIER WHEN A
PERSON DIES IN A
STATE OF AGONY.



BECAUSE
THEY WERE
NECESSARY
INGREDIENTS
FOR MY
MEDICINE.



AROUND
THAT TIME
WE WERE
MAKING A
POINT OF
COLLECTING
PEOPLE'S
HATES.



IT'S
THE
SAME
WAY
WITH
ME.

THEY
DON'T KILL
BECAUSE
THEY LIKE
TO.

THERE ARE
PEOPLE WHO
SLAUGHTER
PIGS FOR
EATING.

THINK
ABOUT IT,
THOUGH.



HAH.

I
WONDER.



WHO
EXACTLY
ARE YOU
TRYING TO
CONVINCE?







CAN I INN-
READ
IT? CAN
TING.
IT?



WELL,
NOT
ME. THE
HOUSE
IS.



YES.

YOU'RE
WRIT-
ING A
DIARY?



NO, I DON'T
REMEMBER
TO MENTION THAT
I'M WRITING FOR
THE HOUSE'S
APPRECIATION



...THE
WAY THE
BODY
REACTS.

THERE'S NO
RESISTING...

NOTHING
TO BE
DONE
ABOUT
THAT,
THOUGH.

...BLACK
CAT?

HEY.
WHY'RE YOU
SMILING...



RENTAL
FURNITURE

1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

CHAPTER

ORIGINAL STORY

Pummy



ART

Yuna Kagesaki

TRANSLATION: CALED COOK
LETTERING: ROCHELLE GANCIO

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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